

SORIN CERIN



Existential Anguish

Philosophical poems

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

SORIN CERIN

**EXISTENTIAL
ANGUISHES**

Philosophical poems

2018

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

Copyright © SORIN CERIN 2018

Sorin Cerin. All rights reserved. No part of this publications may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of Sorin Cerin.

Manufactured in the United States of America

ISBN-13:
978-1986022538

ISBN-10:
1986022536

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

This book have been published also in Romanian language
in the United States of America

ISBN-13: 978-1983694974

ISBN-10: 1983694975

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated -

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

(the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist
poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

CONTENTS

- 1. On a handful of Moments**
- 2. Which was lost herself**
- 3. So young**
- 4. The morning tea**
- 5. They trample us the lives**
- 6. Between the walls of the Zodiac**
- 7. The majestic cathedrals**
- 8. Crown of flowers**
- 9. Of so much Death**
- 10. The spider of Vanity**
- 11. Cash registers**
- 12. The arrows of Absurd**
- 13. The orphan Present**
- 14. It seems that it has divorced**
- 15. The sweat of Love**
- 16. Ruins of Dreams**
- 17. The rains of the Happiness**
- 18. Where no longer exist Moments**
- 19. A point or a comma**
- 20. In the turmoil of this Existence**
- 21. The Memory of Love of beginning, of World**
- 22. The obese and obtuse Time**

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

- 23. In the flesh of our Words**
- 24. The soles of the Glances**
- 25. Accessories at Destinies**
- 26. On the rays of the ink**
- 27. Hitting with Moments**
- 28. Through the cemetery of a Love**
- 29. The Vises of the Dreams**
- 30. Which decompose**
- 31. The Heart of Heaven**
- 32. At the Last Supper of Love**
- 33. Scrap of Heaven**
- 34. No Letter**
- 35. On the dead and rusty lines**
- 36. God has chosen her**
- 37. The whole burden**
- 38. If we were to pay**
- 39. The crushed fists of the Hearts**
- 40. Kneeling at the Icon of Death**
- 41. The Grave of Destiny**
- 42. Counterfeit wine**
- 43. The night of the Words**
- 44. At least, a bit**
- 45. The Dream of Existence**
- 46. The dew of a tear of Love**
- 47. The drowned words**
- 48. Cutting with precision**
- 49. Was ruined so much**
- 50. The long hallways**
- 51. It boils**
- 52. We would have wanted to wander**
- 53. Pests**
- 54. Glances of Star**
- 55. To we be cheated**

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

- 56. The dough of the Dust**
- 57. Icons withered**
- 58. He does not need Words**
- 59. Looking for the Star of Loneliness**
- 60. So sharp**
- 61. Vivid and exuberant**
- 62. Full of soot**
- 63. Existential Anguish**
- 64. On anyone, and anything**
- 65. To proclaim them**
- 66. The careless Destinies**
- 67. The wax statues**
- 68. To shelter us, from God**
- 69. For a pious remembrance**
- 70. They guard us**
- 71. In the star dust of the Words**
- 72. Which have destroyed them**
- 73. We have chosen without our will**
- 74. The Breathing of Infinity**
- 75. The poisoned Moments**
- 76. Through the prisons of Dreams**
- 77. On the road to Enlightenment**

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

1. On a handful of Moments

Lord, scatter my Incarnation,
and you drain me,
on the waters of Illusions of Life,
up to, beyond,
of Illusions of Death ,
to whom you have sold me,
on a handful of Moments,
which anyway,
they do not increase your Infinite and the Endlessness,
with whose mantles, you have wrapped yourself,
for to show us,
we, the humble and obedient to You,
how much we can suffer.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

2. Which was lost herself

The regrets, desolate and moldy,
have struggled through the Illusions of Life,
of the Suffering, Happiness and Death,
for a portion of Dignity,
at the feet of a Love,
which was lost herself,
on the street of my Vanity,
where the Destiny has distributed to me,
the domicile of Loneliness,
by me myself,
the one damned to wash the soles of the Inferno,
his entire existence.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

3. So young

Absurd, chipped,
by the Longing of the Illusions of Life and Death,
lost,
through the cemeteries of the Words,
where we often come to meditate,
at the grave of Love,
who left us,
so young,
crushed by the steps of Indifference,
which have killed her,
at the dilapidated gates,
of a Moment,
what could have become,
our Eternity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

4. The morning tea

Wounded by the dagger of Hope
I wander through the Dreams of a God,
of the Vanity,
who created us,
the Paradise and the Inferno,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
whose bitter roots,
we are forced to boil them,
in its own juice,
for to offer them,
the morning tea,
to the Moments,
what, barely are waiting to escape,
from the unbearable grip,
of a new Day,
of the Loneliness.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

5. They trample us the lives

I pick up,
the curtain of the starry vault of Destiny,
for to I observe the Endlessness,
but in her place I see nothing else,
than the heavy and determined steps,
of Illusions,
which, they trample us the lives,
given before birth,
to, the Death,
whose vault,
certainly has other stars,
which seem,
to no longer belong,
to us.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

6. Between the walls of the Zodiac

Trenches, of Dreams,
they hide the Moments ready to fight,
on the gnawed field by the rains of Deception,
where it feels the serious and pressing scent,
of blood, of the Sunset,
from which Death will build for her, a new Life,
under a sun,
of the Love,
which will not shine and for us anymore,
between the walls of the Zodiac,
behind which we met,
the Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

7. The majestic cathedrals

Solitary Towers, of, Illusions of the Existence,
in which they hide,
the unspoken Words ever,
of Love,
they sell Loneliness,
on the street of our Destiny ,
frozen by the coldness of Separation,
lost in a Horizon,
of the Remotenesses,
at whose soles, have no longer remained,
than the ruins of some Dreams,
what were somewhere - sometime,
the majestic cathedrals,
of Feelings.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

8. Crown of flowers

Wings deserted by Thoughts,
they collapse over the frozen Dreams,
of a Love,
dumbfounded in, the Moment,
of Illusions of Happiness,
from which we braided us,
somewhere sometime,
crown of flowers,
of an Absolute Truth,
what has withered
under the soles of Forgetfulness,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

9. Of so much Death

Wheels stuck in their own Illusions,
they move heavy,
toward the realm of Memories,
where we still keep,
the flowers of fire,
given to a lighted Love,
on whose embers,
still burn us,
the Moments,
who feed us and now,
the black Lattice,
of so much Death,
of the Destiny,
which does not let us pass,
towards the Endlessness of the star,
which still burns,
for us.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

10. The spider of Vanity

Heavy padlocks of the Forgetfulness,
hang on the locked gates of the Memories,
of which they hit,
heavy and deaf,
the broken wings of Love,
which, they will no longer see,
the Heaven of our Hearts,
remaining dumbfounded and alone,
on the endless distances,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
from which he weaves his web,
the spider of Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

11. Cash registers

Coins of Memories,
are given as the rest,
at the payment of Love
too often.

Clanking in the decomposition,
of Hopes,
feed the cash registers,
of the Destinies,
under whose roofs,
we are obliged,
to we carry us in the back,
the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

12. The arrows of Absurd

Stones of Thoughts thrown,
on the foreheads of Moments killed with stones
of the Past,
they raise the walls,
of the Cathedrals of some Hopes,
on which the Destinies will ruin them,
ready to fight,
with their whole armor,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
of Happiness and Pain,
what they send the arrows of Absurd,
against Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

13. The orphan Present

Rivers of Dreams,
flow into the Ocean of Wisdom,
they break into the waves of the Forgetfulness,
which shatters the shores of the Glances,
whose wings of Divine Light,
they began to extinguish themselves,
through the lanterns of rusty hearts,
in the deserted streets,
of an orphan Present,
of any, Time,
be it,
Past or Future.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

14. It seems that it has divorced

The upholstered Steps with armored doors,
they are hiding for not to be heard,
by the Illusions thirsty for the long roads,
which unite the Hopes with Longing,
in a matrimonial atmosphere,
of beginning, of world,
between Happiness and Endlessness,
although the Time,
seems to no longer pay,
not even a Moment,
no matter how insignificant it would be,
so that we meet again,
on ourselves,
those of which,
it seems,
that it has divorced,
even the Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

15. The sweat of Love

The shouts, deaf
seem to wait obediently,
on the rope of Destinies,
where they are put, to dry
for to be dressed,
by a Moment,
on whose forehead,
we must to drain,
the sweat of Love,
what will be deleted soon,
from the select menu of the Words,
which, they will be disgusted
of so many Vanities,
which will replace her,
on the payment note,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
our.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

16. Ruins of Dreams

The reality,
became the Gordian node,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in an ordinary pub,
with name of World,
where in every moment,
are put into showcases,
new souls to produce,
the Vanity,
who are forced to prostitute,
among the cold and desolated walls,
of the ruins of Dreams,
what have belonged,
to some former cathedrals,
of the Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

17. The rains of the Happiness

Stairs of clouds,
which we would want, to climb them,
they wait silently and patiently,
the thirsty Sky of Passion,
over which will fall the rains of the Happiness,
broken from the Tree of Original Sin,
guarded fiercely,
by a God,
more fearful of Love,
as we are,
when,
we want to bite,
from the cruel core, of rain,
of the apple of some Glances,
which drowns us the Time,
letting the Eternity, to flood,
the stars of Destinies,
from which we also want to collect,
one of them,
to illuminate us the path of this World,
with Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

18. Where no longer exist Moments

Deafening silences,
they hit the deaf Eardrums of the Time,
with desperate Moments,
and deceived by the Illusions of the Existence,
who promised them a piece of Eternity,
when they will meet the Love,
without knowing,
that she was banished,
because of them,
long ago than the all Times
from this World,
by God,
for to be sent into His own Paradise,
where no longer exist Moments,
for Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

19. A point or a comma

Shelves of Days,
they decompose,
through the libraries of the Memories,
for which neither the Time,
no longer wants to pay rent,
to the Illusions of the Existence,
of a Love,
which was banished,
on the street of Loneliness,
by the Sacred Fire of a Star,
whose Destiny vengeful,
he wanted to burn,
the whole Endlessness of the Word,
in which we hid us,
forgetting to take with us,
at least a simple, question mark,
if not a point or a comma.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

20. In the turmoil of this Existence

I never understood,
why God,
has trained so well the Days ?,
to become meat grinders,
tender or in putrefaction,
of the Words,
from which they feed today,
the Cemeteries of Dreams,
of some Illusions,
to whom we owe,
the Life and Death of Destinies,
from whose blood,
we watered us the Moments,
in the turmoil of this Existence,
of the Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

21. The Memory of Love of beginning, of World

Walls collapsed by Words,
are piled up
among the ruins of Dreams,
from which we have built us the house of a Delusion,
on which God can not understand her,
than through the glasses of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of Happiness and Suffering,
with the help of which,
he rebuilds,
the Memory of Love,
of beginning, of World,
where we were,
the Absolute Truth,
of Eternity,
from which he broke us the rib of the Knowledge,
to build with it,
the Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

22. The obese and obtuse Time

Terraces full of Words in the Wind,
they ironize the torrents of the rains,
of false Smiles,
which, they drain,
over the bloody floors,
of the Sunsets,
cut by the sharp blades,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
in increasingly uneven slices,
of Sufferings and Obligations,
on which we are indebted to donate them,
to the obese and obtuse Time,
of the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

23. In the flesh of our Words

The brass horses of the Sunrises,
they still pull the heavy and cold Night,
after the crests of Horizons of some Delusions,
which still fluttering,
in the wanderering Wind of the Illusions of Existence,
what he hopes in an Apocalypse,
as urgent as possible,
which to give back the freedom of the Absolute Truth,
stolen by the Knowledge,
still before it was built, the World,
ready to collapse at any time,
from the Dream of a Love,
through which God was incarnate,
in the flesh of our Words.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

24. The soles of the Glances

Fibers of Retrievals,
cut into bouquets of tears,
by the sharp sickles of Loneliness,
wetted with the Water of the Isolation,
by the rains of the end of World,
of the Words,
at whose windows we still exist,
when we open them,
to receive the cold and cool air of Memories,
in the lungs that can barely breathe,
the Past,
from which we have modeled us,
the Steps of the Days,
what they will follow,
to the Traces,
trampled even today,
by the soles of the Glances,
on which we have lost them,
every time,
to roulette,
of the Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

25. Accessories at Destinies

The lucky zodiac signs,
lost into the cutting edges of the scythes,
what they mow, the Words,
as more exquisite and brighter as possible,
cheap tin,
on which we are obliged to,
to we carry them,
as accessories at the Destinies,
of each of us,
hanging by the necks,
indifferent and apparently,
lacked of importance,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
which we breathe them daily,
in the heavy and oppressive air,
of the Vanity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

26. On the rays of the ink

Letters stabbed,
by, the Tears of the Dreams,
lit by the alphabetical characters, of fire,
of the Soul,
which became the Star of Divine Light,
on whose the rays of the ink,
we sail wandering,
among the stars of the Words,
which sometimes they invite us,
to we halt,
on the Horizons of Passions,
which flow through the veins of our Days,
on their way toward the Endless Ocean,
of a Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

27. Hitting with Moments

The palms of the Clouds began to snow,
hitting with Moments,
the Separation,
of which we move away,
towards a Future of Nobody,
from whose body,
we want to tie,
bouquets of Questions,
without realizing,
how devoid of Sap of the Happiness,
these may be,
among the cemeteries of Words,
wrecked, on the waves of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we sail,
before the Creation of the World,
whose God,
we thought we were us,
those who would have given birth to it,
from Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

28. Through the cemetery of a Love

Axles, of, Words,
without wheels of Hopes,
Days lost from the Years of the Destiny,
at the lottery of the Vanity,
from the flesh of which,
was incarnated our World,
of the abysses of Words in the Wind,
on which we always carry them,
at the Mill of the Luck ,
hoping that we will sift,
the white and immaculate flour of the Moments,
for the Requiem of the Illusions of Life and Death
without we knowing,
that we will be long before the Regrets,
buried,
through the cemetery of a Love,
which seems, to have never known us,
because on the tomb of our Separation,
do not write anything,
apart from Forgetfulness.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

29. The Vises of the Dreams

The barbed wire of the Silence,
has rusted on the fences of the Glances,
without anyone trying,
to move it aside,
with the pliers of a Word,
which to cut his Conscience,
tightening her,
in the Vises of the Dreams,
without we knowing that these too,
must be taken, obligatory,
off the stalls of the Destinies,
at an agreed price,
by the Illusions of the Existence,
in which it enters,
all the taxes of Vanities,
of this World,
which must to be maintained,
above of anything else.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

30. Which decompose

Petals, of, Words,
they dry and fall,
in the arms of the Glances,
from the bouquets of the roses of Dreams,
which decompose
in the vase of a Memory,
drained by the Water of Life,
on which we sailed,
in search of the Star of the Destiny,
what he would have received,
from the God of the Stranger from us,
the key of the gates of the Absolute Truth,
of the rays of Eternity ,
where we will dress forever,
the Divine Light of Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

31. The Heart of Heaven

Geraniums, wilted,
at the bitten windows,
by the frost of Loneliness,
whose fangs of granite,
have crushed the sculptures of the Heart of Heaven,
of the Clouds,
which rains us with Passions,
full of Regrets,
in the Traces of what it would have been,
Love,
if the Star of Destiny,
would not have fallen,
so far away in the night from us,
so that to waste the rays of the Divine Light
in the impenetrable darkness of the Word,
who left us.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

32. At the Last Supper of Love

Branches, of Dreams,
they knock us at the windows of the Memories,
they have broken them
with the swinging walking of the Longing,
and the cold and benefactor frost of Death,
by ourselves,
he bites strongly,
from the flesh of the Word,
which bleeds terrible,
on the lips which can no longer say him,
however much, they would have wanted,
to be able to embrace him,
at the Last Supper of Love,
from which we had the Illusion of Life,
that we will be able to feed us,
with Eternity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

33. Scrap of Heaven

Scrap of Heaven,
cast by the Illusions of Life and Death,
to the sentimental trash of the Day,
they stand wounded and wilted,
without being able to allow,
the passing through the gates of their Eternity,
of the Love,
what it would have tried to fly,
towards the endless Star,
of the Divine Light,
on which, we have sought her,
through the darkness of the depths,
of this Existence,
of the Compromises.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

34. No Letter

Moments crucified,
on the crosses of the Days,
they are ready to collapse under the weight,
of the Forgetfulness,
which does not satisfy,
not a Word,
what he would want to incarnate,
on the dusty and hidden street of Love,
on which no longer seeks her,
no Letter,
what would it want to revive,
on the hospital bed,
of the profound and deep Phrases,
where every time we want to reach,
we drowned,
we holding us tight,
by the shore of Delusion,
on which we thought it was strong enough,
to confront,
the angry and foamy waves,
of the Regrets,
which grinds us with their freshness,
the Illusions of the Existence.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

35. On the dead and rusty lines

Railway stations lost in the blood of Horizons,
they are waiting their, and now,
the trains of the Glances,
no matter how lost these would be,
drawn by the heavy and serious locomotives,
of the Words,
on the dead and rusty lines,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
at whose platforms he gave birth to us,
the Destiny,
full of sweat,
of the Cemeteries of Dreams ,
on which we were to build them,
at the locked gates of the cathedral,
of the Great Loves.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

36. God has chosen her

The zodiac signs, grizzled,
ringed and drunk,
they mumble us, the past horoscopes,
long ago, than the Weather
of a Love,
whose steps,
say the holy writings,
of the your eyes,
would have trampled,
and the dust of the bodies of our Words,
somewhere sometime,
alongside the Eternity of the Moment,
of a Glance,
on which, God has chosen her,
to be our Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

37. The whole burden

The crucial walls,
they break the safes of the Details,
at whose cathedrals of Words,
prays, the Vanity,
of the wandering Steps,
of the saints rusty,
from our souls,
who want to love,
a God,
which he forgot his Destiny,
in the blood of the sunsets and sunrises,
of the Days, which will carry,
the whole burden of the Nothingness,
on the soles of the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

38. If we were to pay

If we were to pay with Heaven,
the Days of Illusions of Life and Death,
we will give Love,
to the Wings of Dreams,
on which we will fly continually,
towards a star of Destiny,
which to not fall,
never,
in the arms of the Separation,
by ourselves.

If we were to pay with the Heart,
the waves of the troubled blood of the Happiness,
we will sail every time,
on the Endless Horizons of Words,
from which we would take,
one slice of Fulfillment,
which we will taste,
at the Last Supper of Love,
quenching us the thirst and hunger,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

39. The crushed fists of the Hearts

The hoofs of Baptisms,
break the rocks of Illusions of Existence,
they sculpting them,
in the bizarre forms of a World,
which cuts us from the daily ration of Freedom,
in the road to the imminent Death,
of the Retrieval of self,
whose tomb,
of Memories,
we are obliged to carry it,
still from birth,
on the denuded shoulders,
of the Dreams of Wind,
what they struck us the crushed fists of the Hearts,
with the fleeting Loves.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

40. Kneeling at the Icon of Death

We have indebted us,
in the Illusions of Existence,
to which the God of Love,
he remained indebted,
before being the World,
of the vain forms of the Thoughts,
which are mirrored in the Word of Creation,
they arranging their disheveled hair of the Memory,
after the fashion of a Moral,
trickled,
on the crushed and slippery steps,
of the Histories,
on which we can not climb,
than kneeling, at the Icon of Death,
to which we pray,
to we receive Life.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

41. The Grave of Destiny

We are born for to climb,
we die to descend,
after which we arrive again in the Eternity,
from where we no longer have anything to do,
than to we Contemplate,
all the ups and downs of a World,
which, she dug alone,
every time,
the Grave of Destiny,
on which to carry it,
on the back of the Illusions of the own Existence,
beyond all meaning,
of the Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

42. Counterfeit wine

Messages, of, Heaven
they stand thrown at the gates of the Hazard,
from which Destiny draws his sap,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
blooming us the weeds of the Dreams,
among the mortuary crowns of the Moments,
which, they shed tears,
over, the barren Dust of the Words,
from which we have built us,
the bodies of the chipped cups,
of the Steps,
who lead us every time,
toward Nowhere,
for to drink from them,
the counterfeit wine of the own Existence.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

43. The night of the Words

Calloused bridges by palms,
drawn to the Days,
what they do no longer want,
to they unite,
with the night of the Words,
from the Hearts of Heaven,
of the Sunsets,
of some Illusions of Life and Death,
through the Cemeteries of Dreams,
which stretch everywhere,
in our own Destiny.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

44. At least, a bit

Traces lost in the blood of the Past,
they still flow through the veins of a Destiny,
so stranger of ourselves,
that even the Illusion of Death,
seems a rescue,
compared to Happiness,
who turned back,
flying above the Moments,
which, they do not want in any way,
to they give us at least a bit,
how small,
from their Eternity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

45. The Dream of Existence

Zodiac signs, of Twilight,
break the silences of the Night,
in which the Loneliness,
of the Stranger from us,
it cried deaf,
to the God,
of a Love,
on which Nobody has ever understood,
then when washed at the cold and dirty river,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
for to wipe with the towel of a Word,
in which our Destiny lives,
long before,
of to be thought,
The Dream of Existence.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

46. The dew of a tear of Love

Waves,
whirling in the boiling of the Questions,
to which the Illusions of Life and Death,
they will not be able to answer,
never,
to the Illusions of Happiness and Suffering,
no matter how many cathedrals of Passions,
would build,
the saints of Destinies,
in which we have incarnated,
the Dreams
for to give birth,
to the dew of a tear of Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

47. The drowned words

The deceptive vortices
of the Waters of Life,
they drown the Words,
no matter how well they would know to swim,
among the pompous phrases,
and full of disgust,
of the vain promises,
which have found their shelter,
among the greasy covers,
of the Horizons of this World,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
by ourselves.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

48. Cutting with precision

How thirsty,
would have been the Destiny,
by the Moments of granite,
of Illusions of Existence,
that he has decided,
to sculpts us,
cutting with such precision,
the rock of Time,
so that to he shows at perfection,
the face of Suffering,
when we look,
in the mirror of Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

49. Was ruined so much

The Scene of Illusions of the Existence,
was ruined so much,
that it started,
to trickle its Moments,
on the wrinkled face of Time,
flooding our Destiny,
with the Absurd and Anguish,
of a God,
incapable to manage,
the flea store,
of the Word of Creation,
from which we draw our sap,
of Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

50. The long hallways

We created the Oracles,
for to hide us,
at the shadow of Luck,
lacked of the blood of the Days,
which flows us,
through the veins of the Illusions of Life and Death,
which we freeze,
on the long hallways,
boring and wandering,
of the Words,
who seem to have lost,
the doors and windows of Feelings,
on which we to open them wide,
at the feet of Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

51. It boils

The steps of Dreams of the Eternity,
they ended melted,
in the boiler of Sacred Fire,
of the Illusions of the Feelings,
which turns them,
in the volcanic lava,
petrified, of the Love,
from which it would have been incarnate for us,
the heavy and slippery rock of the Word,
under the roof of which we were hiding,
by the cold snowfalls, of end, of World,
of the Destiny,
which sought us,
on, at the windows of every Moments,
which he encountered them in his path,
they wishing to bind us the Illusions of Life and Death,
by the blood of the Future,
which boils,
in the veins of our Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

52. We would have wanted to wander

Bloody bricks, by, the sunset,
they build the disoriented Moments of the Forgetfulness,
furrowed by the wings of some News,
vanished beyond the Time,
which has no longer come,
neither this time,
at the Last Supper of our Love,
where have lacked,
even the saints of the tears of heaven,
on which we have invited them,
to measure us the endlessness,
of the Divine Light of the Star,
on whose wings,
we would have wanted to wander,
forever.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

53. Pests

The sieve of the Absurd,
it sifted us,
the Words of the cold and careless Glances,
in the arms of Loneliness,
although the Sunrise has plowed his,
full of joy,
the field of Love,
from which he hoped to grow,
more Feelings like never,
which will no longer be sprinkled,
with the insecticides of the Expectations and Regrets,
for to grow,
protected from pests,
such as,
the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

54. Glances of Star

The fingernails painted,
of the Cathedral of Truth,
they scratch the dust of the body,
what's left,
from the Word of Love,
buried deep,
in the Cemetery of Dreams,
Word,
which has recovered us the Existence,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
on which we baptized it,
as being the Divine Light,
of the Glances of Star,
predestined,
for the Retrieval,
of the Paradise lost.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

55. To we be cheated

How can we not be,
next to Life,
without Death,
the same, we can never stand,
near the Absolute Truth,
without to we be cheated by the World,
who feeds,
with the Absurd and Vanity,
decomposing,
at every beat of Heart of Heaven,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
which has forsaken us,
the hurried Steps,
toward Nowhere.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

56. The dough of the Dust

Horoscopes of Memories,
which have lost their Zodiac Signs,
they barely crawl,
at the gates of the blurred Glances,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
which have kneaded us
the dough of the Dust of the Senses,
for the oven of the Word,
which will bake us, the Feelings,
until when the Recovery by ourselves,
will become,
a burnt slice of Despair,
from which it will feed
the Absurd of Time,
who left us equally lonely,
as was the God,
before the Creation of the World.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

57. Icons withered

The shells of the Thoughts,
they roared in the deep ocean,
of the Stranger from us,
whose waves,
they hit with power,
the shores of the souls of some Words,
of which we have caught us the last Hope,
to we reach in the harbor,
where, the Glances will meet us,
the Eternity of the other,
without to longer be needed,
by the Icons withered of promises,
which to shed tears,
over the cold and dirty Destinies,
which have been destined us,
by a God of Nobody.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

58. He does not need Words

I vibrate as a tear,
then when the Cathedral of Love,
it ruins,
under the indifferent steps,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
which, although has beaten,
at the gates of our Destinies,
Nobody answered it,
being forced to leave,
beyond ourselves,
flying on the wings of the Regrets,
which, certainly,
they lacked from God,
then when he built the World.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

59. Looking for the Star of Loneliness

Forsaken by myself,
I'm wandering,
looking for the Star of Loneliness,
on which the Heart of Heaven,
does no longer feed her with the blood of the Moments,
on which I have wasted them,
obligated by the Destiny,
sprouted in the garden,
what seems to have never been watered,
with Absolute Truth,
by God,
great master,
creator of Illusions of the Existence.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

60. So sharp

Without Illusion would not be Destiny,
in the cold and dirty arms,
of the Existence,
whose own Conscience,
is revealed to us,
as being a God,
more stranger of us,
than the Existence itself is for us,
with all the Cemeteries, of Dreams,
Memories, Retrievals, Glances
but especially, of, Words,
which he conceived them,
mirroring himself in the broken shards,
and so sharp,
of the Absolute Truth.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

61. Vivid and exuberant

Hemorrhagic dawn,
they seek their purpose,
predestined,
to the Nothingness lost in the Traces,
of a Destiny of Nobody,
which always rains,
with Regrets,
washing the face of Time,
what barely wakes up,
from the numbness of his Eternity,
becoming morose and lacking in strength,
then when he should have to dressed us,
as more vivid and full of exuberance,
the coat of the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

62. Full of soot

The Arrows of Consciences,
they seem to have lost their arcs,
of Societies of Consumption
through the existential thickets of the Days,
confused and full of the soot,
of the crematories of Moments,
on which they build for us with perseverance,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
from which we are convicted,
to we draw us the sap,
of the Happiness.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

63. Existential Anguishes

Snowing over the Heaven of Heart,
with existential Anguishes,
where the snowdrifts of Loneliness,
they press us the Time,
what he can barely bear,
his own Moments of Fire,
of the Memories,
what ignite the Words,
torching, the Loves,
forsaken by a God,
which somewhere-sometime,
identify himself through them,
praising them, the cathedrals of Feelings,
whose Saints of Dreams,
must leave,
the domicile of Icons of some Sentiments,
and to retrain,
on the streets devastated by Profundities,
of the Destinies.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

64. On anyone, and anything

Roots of Words,
stands up defiantly from the Dust of the Forgetfulness,
kneeling in front of the Hearts of Hopes,
lost in the dust of Heaven,
carried, toward nowhere,
of, the Words in Wind,
of the Future,
indebted to a Destiny,
which, he bribed him,
so good on God,
that he has received the permission,
of to condemn, at the Illusions of Life and Death,
at his will,
on anyone, and anything.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

65. To proclaim them

The Gates of Crematories,
of the Hearts of Heaven,
always remain open for the Time,
which brings,
in this railway station of the Separations,
the Moments killed,
every time,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
who have made their own laws and morals,
under the perfidious roofs of the Words,
which still hopes to be able to incarnate,
in the holy fathers of the Vanities,
on which to they proclaim them as Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

66. The careless Destinies

Whole Galaxies of Dreams,
are lost by the hand,
of the Creator God,
precisely at the most dangerous intersection,
of Illusions of Life,
with those of Death,
being each time,
injured deadly,
by the careless Destinies,
at the crossing the wounded steps,
of Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

67. The wax statues

The Gods of the Retrievals,
of the Great Contemplations,
of the Origin of Awareness,
they loose themselves,
through the ruined temples of Destinies,
full of the soot of the Illusions of Life and Death
which were lit,
on the pedestals of the wax statues,
of some Loves,
what have melted,
and which should have existed and today,
bringing the Day, with their Divine Light,
of the Profoundness and Happiness.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

68. To shelter us, from God

The Seeds of Happiness seem to be sprouted,
among the furnaces of the crematories of Moments,
which ceaselessly burn us,
the Purposes predestined to the Illusions of Existence,
of to always look for us,
what we will not can ever find,
at the gates of the Words,
which, are given to us,
to shelter us,
from, the hostilities of a God of Love,
what was not in reality,
never ours.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

69. For a pious remembrance

Rivers of Questions,
are flowing towards the boundless ocean of Uncertainty,
from which we dress us the Days,
at the discounted price of a time,
so poor,
that he can not afford,
than the cheapest,
Illusions of the Life and Death,
for us,
the ones which, we have been put, in his care,
on the road between the births of the Hopes,
and the cemeteries of Words,
in which to we bury us the Dreams,
for a pious remembrance.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

70. They guard us

The Armours of Days,
they stand rusty,
at the edge of Dreams,
which have never been incarnated
in one Word,
which would have given them the freedom,
of to be born,
for to die,
between the walls, of Meanings,
which, they guard us,
the tombs of our Destinies.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

71. In the star dust of the Words

The teeth of the Years,
carius, by the Longing of the Hearts of Heaven,
have ceased to longer bite,
the asleep Moments,
what they no longer want to wake up,
ever,
in the star dust of the Words,
what they have lost their,
long before the Time,
brilliance of the past,
when the Star of Destiny,
has lighted us the way,
of Love.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

72. Which have destroyed them

The decomposed zodiac signs,
by the sharp edges of the Vanities,
they stay thrown in Forgetfulness,
through the slaughterhouses, of Dreams,
where the Hearts of Heaven,
incarcerated in the lost Words,
of some Love,
they still beat their Destinies,
which have destroyed them,
even the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

73. We have chosen without our will

The mired steps of Memories
in the tar of the Forgetfulness,
which, it still builds,
the roads full of pits of the Destinies,
have started to let, Traces,
and on the forehead full of sweats of Births,
of this World,
through whose wrinkles,
still flowing,
the dirty and abject river,
of Illusions of Existence,
from which we have chosen,
without our will,
the Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

74. The Breathing of Infinity

The hooves of Days,
they break the rock of Time,
to sculpt us,
the riverbed of Illusions of Existence,
through which our Time will flow,
on the face of the Word,
in which we will incarnate,
washed by the Water of Life,
what will lead us,
on the shores of Illusions of Happiness and Sufferings,
as far from the Absolute Truth,
of the Love,
from which we received,
the Breathing of Infinity.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

75. The poisoned Moments

The open wounds,
by the sharp edges of the Words,
they shed the blood of the Sunrises and the Sunsets,
in the riverbed of the Longing,
which paints with him,
the cold and insalubrious Phrases,
of the Destinies,
through which we are obligated,
to we pass the Moments,
poisoned,
by the Illusions of Life and Death.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

76. Through the prisons of Dreams

Incarnate in the corolla of Eternity,
the Love,
illuminates the Absolute Truth,
in whose eyes,
we were blinded on this World,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
to we be able to ever look us,
the Meaning of Existence,
elapsed to the holy feet,
of the Word of Creation,
from which they have been stolen from us with wild,
the Souls,
for to be tortured,
by, the Destiny,
through the prisons of Dreams,
of this World.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

77. On the road to Enlightenment

The seasons,
incarnate in the nails of the Hopes,
with which the Destiny rummages,
the forgotten tomb of the Glances,
lost among the wilted flowers of the Time,
on which we have given them,
to the Divine Light of our Star,
in whose body we have hidden us the Eternity,
for to remain endless,
on the vault of the soul of the Absolute Truth,
from which we have kindled us,
the Word of Love,
which will never be quenched,
no matter how many cold and meaningless phrases,
would longer have, to face,
on the road to Enlightenment.

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-

SORIN CERIN
-EXISTENTIAL ANGUISHES -
- philosophical poems-